

WARREN
MAGAZINE

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

CREEPY

STORIES

100%
PUG
\$1.00

TERRIFYING
ADAPTATIONS
OF SIX
FAMOUS HORROR
CLASSICS!

RESIDENTS OF
FOG SHROUDED
PARIS
STREETS FACE
THE FEARFUL
"MURDERS
IN THE
RUE MORGUE!"

PLUS

MAN of the CROWD • BERENICE • CASK of AMONTILLADO
DESCENT into the MAELSTROM • SHADOW



HERE'S YOUR
OLD **UNCLE CREEPY**
BACK WITH THE BONES
OF MY FAVORITE
STORY TELLER,
EDGAR ALLAN POE

I'VE GOT
BOX CLASSIC
POE TALES
FOR YOU
THIS ISSUE.

SOME OF
THE BEST
GUILLS
EVER
READ

SO JOIN ME,
COME INTO MY
CREEPY WORLD,
AND LET THE
MASTER
STORY-TELLER
ENTERTAIN
YOU!



SUR COVER
A chilling scene just a few feet from
the front of the most world of Edgar
Allan Poe's "The Rue Morgue",
captured by the colorful brush of Ken Kelly.

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CREEPY

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35 SHADOW A plague despoiled our land.
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Co., 145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.



"Kelly's Santa, like the Devil himself!"

I must be tremendously difficult to publish a CREEPY Christmas issue! One doesn't usually think of the season of love as a time for "horror." But apparently Warren Publishing does!

Combined with your horror, however, you displayed all of the traits of Christmas: Love, meaning, spirit and friendship of the holiday season were not absent from your truly terrifying tale!

You know, I'm kind of glad that CREEPY #68 was here to help give me a very warm and wonderful Christmas!

CHRIS PAOVANO
Sayreville, N.J.

I just wanted to say that, although CREEPY #68 was one of the best issues of 1974 I felt your cover was in extremely poor taste. It did not at all reflect on the terrifying yet heart-warming stories contained in that issue.

WESLEY NIGHTREE
Springfield, Mo.

Ah, what a devilishly macabre and gruesome cover on CREEPY #68! Dr. Warthen were around today, he'd doubtless clutch his magnified heart and expire at the sight of it.

Artwise, unquestionably the standout this issue was Rich Corben's color story, "Anti-Christmas." It had a power and imagination as yet unsurpassed in comics. However, Martin Salvador and John Severin also turned in impressive efforts.

Storywise, CREEPY #68 was a disappointment. The premise of doing some positive-toned Christmas stories has nothing wrong with it. But you failed in the execution. In general, the tales were either too short for necessary development, or simply unimaginative.

I must confess that I did like the wherby of "The Christmas Gnome" or Timothy Brayle, even though the climax was painfully obvious. "The Stars My Salvation" also was a nice reworking of an EC type science fiction tale. Not too original, but done in the classic cliché manner.

EO O'REILLY
Ada, Ohio

When I saw the cover painting of CREEPY #68 I was amazed. It could only compare with those on the first ten issues of CREEPY. It's a true horror classic, and is Ken Kelly's greatest cover so far.

GREG AUGUSTINE
Sacramento, Calif.

Some of Warren Publishing's competitors have been literally trying to push all of their competitors off the newsstands.

They have been flooding the market, concentrating on quantity, and forgetting altogether about quality.

On the other hand, Warren publishes a mere five titles, with a great deal of stress on quality. The result is a line of publications you can be proud of. There are none better!

Which brings me to another subject. The reproduction of a new science-fiction magazine into the Warren fold.

One of the reasons that CREEPY, EERIE and VAMPIRELLA are so great is that they have variety. An average of its stories appear each issue, featuring horror, sword and sorcery and science fiction.

Devoting a magazine entirely to science-fiction might detract from the quality and variety already existing in the Warren publications.

If a new magazine were published, Warren writers, artists and editors would have to produce even more stories to take the place of the absent tales that were in the existing three publications. They'd also have to produce enough stories to fill a science fiction book. It might make the quality of all your magazines suffer.

Please consider carefully before initiating any new projects. As much as I'd like to see a science fiction magazine from you, I'd hate to lose any of that old-fashioned Warren quality!

ALAN NOROMARK
Oulton, Penn.

Many readers have been asking for a Warren science fiction magazine. But you, Alan, raise some valid points concerning the quality of such a venture.

Should already overworked artists and writers be saddled with the additional burden of a new Warren publication? Could a quality science fiction book be published under the Warren banner? We might never know.

But we're going to find out. Take a look at the announcement, right!

Overall, I would say that CREEPY #68 was a good issue, superior to your previous three, despite its drawbacks.

I was disappointed not to find Jose Ortiz or Bill O'Quay in the line-up. Their work would have improved the magazine immensely.

All your covers have been fine. But Ken Kelly turned in an excellent cover painting for this issue. Nice layout, superbly coupled with good color. His Santa looked a lot like Rich Corben's from "Bless Us Father."

Almost all of the stories in this Christmas package carried messages. But then the holiday season is a time when we should open up to the thoughts of our fellow man. "The Stars My Salvation," lacking a Christmas theme, seemed out of place in the issue, as though it was a substitute for a story that didn't arrive in time for the magazine's deadline. Goug Moeck's storyline was unusual, and the tale's ending was disappointing. But John Severin turned in a good art job, far surpassing his efforts for your earlier this year.

"Anti-Christmas" was an excellent story, one of the two best this month. It was beautifully delineated by Rich Corben, who even surpassed his previous effort on "The Raven." Gerry Boudreau penned a realistic story, complete with breast feeding and baby-telling.

The other classic this issue was "The Christmas Vain" by Budd Lewis and Laidro Moeck. The story was a sad one with an important message. The man working the miracles was Jesus Christ embodied within a mortal frame. He was the best character in the entire comic. His death at the hands of muggers was horrible, but effective. It proved again that Christ can never really die. Moeck turned in a beautiful art job, the perfect accompaniment to the perfect script.

TONY CAHEN
Chicago, Ill.

You're only one of the many eagle-eyed readers who spotted our story substitution. Tony, indeed, Jose Ortiz and Bill O'Quay were scheduled to appear in CREEPY #68 with their story "Once Upon A Miracle." Unfortunately, the story arrived one day too late to make the printing deadline, and "The Stars My Salvation" was substituted.

But we've got a jump on NEXT year's Christmas issue... because at least ONE story is finished and ready to go.



Monsters, Demons, Ghouls, Gnomes and Angels. That's what Jose Ortiz and Bill O'Quay dreamed into their holiday tale, "Once Upon A Miracle." The story, originally scheduled for CREEPY #66, arrived too late for that issue. It's rescheduled for Christmas 1975.

"Warren publishes quality!"

Once again, the brilliant story-telling genius of Doug Moench and Gerry Boudreau have proven them number one in the field of illustrated horror.

Granted, newcomer Budd Lewis has tried very hard to equal the success of his predecessors. But it just hasn't come off, so far.

For Moench's "The Stars My Salvation" and Boudreau's "Anti-Christmas," I have nothing but praise. The stories were aided significantly by the excellent visual commentary of John Severin and Richard Corben's art. The genius of these two men added even more to already superb pieces of authorship.

DONWYN NEWSOME
Newark, N.J.

"The Stars My Salvation" surprised me. I hadn't realized that John Severin was working for Warren Publishing! I'm glad he is!

"Christmas Eve Can Kill You" was a great human interest piece with fine artwork.

"A Gentle Takeover" was one of those scary stories that get you to thinking about the future.

"The Christmas Gnome" started as a very clever fantasy but ended predictably. Your only slip into mediocrity in the entire issue.

"Reflections in a Golden Spike" lacked an interesting plot, yet was still well drawn and written.

And "The Christmas Visit" reminded me, down to some minor details, of a "Duffy's Tavern" Christmas radio show from the late forties. The only differences were the up to date references and the shock ending, which wasn't necessary since it worked fine on the radio without it. Was this coincidence or is Budd Lewis an old radio freak?

STEVEN DHUEY
Milwaukee, Wisc.



Budd confesses! He's a freak!

Your Christmas issue was spectacular!

The cover by Ken Kelly was terrific! "Anti-Christmas" was a Rich Corben/Gerry Boudreau masterpiece! "The Stars My Salvation" by Doug Moench and John Severin was delightful! "A Gentle Takeover" had a beautiful script by Budd Lewis!

In fact, all the stories this issue were kid of special.

My only complaint is that you didn't give us one Christmas story illustrated by Benji Wrightson Sharpe on you!

JACKIE PROST
West Monroe, La.

I like everything Budd Lewis writes. So CREEPY #68 was an extra special treat for me. It had three Lewis classics, each better than the first.

"A Gentle Takeover" was a quiet piece of sentimentality. "The Christmas Visit" introduced an element I never thought possible in a horror comic: the second coming of Christ. And "The Christmas Gnome" by Timothy Brayle had just the right blend of horror, fantasy and humor.

If you guys ever lose Lewis, you'll lose at least one reader as well! Me!

HENRY DAVIDS
Bend, Ore.

"The Christmas Gnome" and "Reflections in a Golden Spike" in your CREEPY Christmas special, were excellent stories. In fact, it seemed like every tale was good.

The only story I didn't like was "A Gentle Takeover." It contained no real horror and wasn't even a little scary. It just didn't even give me the usual chill.

Better tell Budd Lewis to go back to writing horror stories.

KURT EISENLOHR
San Francisco, Calif.



Having no Christmas isn't horrible, Kurt? It's about the spookiest thing we can think of!

SPECIAL SNEAK PREVIEW: A WARREN SCIENCE FICTION BOOK AT LAST!

Special art. Special stories. And a very special lineup every issue. That's what's in the works for the coming issues of CREEPY. The theme for issue #73 is science fiction. Only the best artists and writers will be featured in Warren's first all-science fiction issue!



Laid back in his hammock, under a Puerto Rico beach umbrella, throughout the summer, Budd Lewis poured out his Captain Mantis from the eighteen-page classic. This gothic science of the fantastic tale!



John Speer's and Paul Neary's artwork, his love of the world's best sci-fi. One in four, One in space, "The Arms Scandal" and "The Beast Within," two more thought-provoking tales of dread from Budd Lewis!



"Unprovoked Attack on the Jovian Meter" by Rich Corben and Jim Steintraum and "Prophecy of a God," by Dave Orin and Bill DuBay, round out the science fiction special. Offbeat, inspired looks at future horror!

AND YOU'LL FIND IT ALL IN CREEPY NO. 73!

I'M MEAN! ROTTEN! A REAL CREEPY!

If there's one thing I hate it's positive, constructive comments. Say something nasty! Controversial! Send me a hate letter. I'll love it!

DEAR UNCLE CREEPY
c/o Warren Publishing
145 E. 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10016



everything you always wanted to know...about the comics!

lettering

OF THE ESSENTIALS TO A PAPER-FIN HAND AND A MESSY BREAKDOWN

Comic books. It takes a team of talented people to put together just one. Writers, artists and editors are the most noted faces. There are, however, for less-noted, but no-less-important individuals performing equally necessary jobs in the creation of the comics. These are the letterers, proofreaders and production men.

In the coming months, we'll probe each aspect of the

comics, examining the intricacies involved in every stage of their creation. Last month, we began with the story, the first stage of creation. This month, we'll discuss lettering.

It should be pointed out that while each publishing house uses its own editorial standards, the basics discussed here, particularly to Warren P. Pichler, are more or less common to all.

THE TOOLS

A letterer's tools are few. Simple and compact, they represent the basic art equipment. They are:



The lettering guide is a unique transparent device used for penning guidelines. Since there are no pens designed explicitly for the complexities of comic book lettering, the **FB-5** and **FB-6** pen points are the most commonly used. Their ribs are shaved or sanded slightly for a sharper point and a more delicate letter. The **FB-6** is used for straight comic book lettering. The **FB-5** is utilized for bold, emphasized words.

The lettering, as the actual drawing, for each comic page is done in **india ink**. It is easily photographed for either offset or letterpress reproduction.

Other basic lettering tools, not pictured, are pencils (either blue or black for drawing lettering guidelines), eraser (for eliminating the guidelines after they are used) and, of course, the drawing board.

THE PROCESS

Lettering is usually added to the story when the comic book artist has finished "pencil"ing his illustrations. The penciled page is given to a letterer who first roughly indicates positioning of balloons and captions so they will read effectively, pulling the reader's eye from panel to panel. After the balloons have been lightly "spotted" in pencil, the lettering guide and T-square are used to rule in penciled guidelines.

The lettering is first indicated lightly in pencil within the guidelines, after which it is lettered with india ink, using the **FB-5** and **FB-6** pens. When the lettering is finished, it is the letterer's job to draw in balloons and panel borders, and to carefully erase his own pencil lines, leaving the artist's illustrations.

The freshly lettered page is then given back to the artist who uses black india ink to render and finish his penciled drawings.

Occasionally, a letterer's job may be a little more difficult. For one reason or another, an artist may wish to completely finish (ink) his work before it is sent to a letterer. In cases such as these, lettering must be completed on separate sheets of paper and **pasted** within the artist's inked panels. To a letterer this is called a **cut-and-paste** assignment. Sometimes they call it by other names, not printable in a comic book!

BALLOONS

It may seem unimportant to the casual reader, but the style of balloons is an important factor of comic book storytelling. Balloons have an actual language of their own, that the letterer must be actually aware of at all times. While balloons always indicate the flow of the story by the dialogue contained within them, they speak equally well (although subtly) of what is taking place in the storyline even when the dialogue is omitted.

By their shapes balloons reveal when someone is thinking, shouting, whispering, speaking in a normal tone or even in the grip of fear or pain.

The most common balloons:



The dialogue balloon. Used for normal conversation and usual flow of the storyline.



Dialogue balloon with a wavy tail. Used for mild surprise or when speaker is off-panel.



Wavy balloon. Used when speaker is in pain, dying, or experiencing fear/resignation.



Whisper balloon. Same style as the wavy balloon, with very small, quiet lettering.



Jagged balloon. Used for a loud command, a shout, or to denote telephone dialogue.



The thought balloon. Reveals a character's inner thoughts and feelings to the reader.

SIZE

Ideally, lettering should not be too large as to dominate a page of illustration. Nor should it be so small as to be difficult to read. Since lettering is inked directly onto an artist's original page, which is usually one and a half times larger than a printed comic book page, ideal lettering should look like this:

THE NEWS HITS HARDEST AT THE BARNUM BROTHERS CIRCUS!

Of course for larger pages of art, the lettering would be slightly bigger, and slightly smaller for smaller pages of artwork. A letterer must be versatile enough to compensate for the whims of an artist's drawing size.

Vastly underrated by public and publisher alike, lettering is one of the most important, yet most tedious jobs in comics. A good letterer can be vastly instrumental in adding to the enjoyment of a strip. A poor one can destroy a story without the reader ever realizing why!

IT WAS SUMMER, 1862, AND I WAS IN
EUROPE ON HOLIDAY.

WHILE RESIDING IN PARIS, I BECAME
ACQUAINTED WITH A MONSEIGNEUR
AUGUSTE DUPIN?

PLEASSED
TO MEET YOU,
M. DUPIN!

AND I
LIKEWISE, YOU,
MY FRIEND!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

DUPIN WAS FROM AN
ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY
BUT, BY A VARIETY OF
UNFORTUNATE EVENTS,
HAD LOST MOST OF
HIS WEALTH... AND
WAS FORCED TO LIVE
AN IMPOVERISHED
EXISTENCE!

YET HE DID NOT
DESPAIR OVER THIS
STATE... AND TO-
GETHER WE RENTED
A ROOM IN A TIME-
EATEN AND GRO-
TESQUE MANSION,
LONG DESERTED BY
SUPERSTITIOUS!

WE WOULD SLEEP
ALL DAY SURVIVING
ON MY OWN
MEAGER SAVINGS...



... AND AT NIGHT, SEEK OUT
EXCITEMENT IN THE SHADOWS
OF POPULOUS PARIS!

AT SUCH TIMES I COULD NOT HELP
REMARKING UPON AND ADMIRING A
FEELING ANALYTIC ABILITY IN DUPIN!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR
MAJOR STUDY AT THE
UNIVERSITY WAS
NATURALISM! WOULD
YOU CARE TO TELL ME
ABOUT IT?

BUT OF
COURSE!

DEDUCTION
STEMS FROM THE
CLEAR LIGHT OF REASON.
COUPLED WITH A KEEN
EYE FOR OBSERVATIONS!

AND NATURALISM
IS NOTHING MORE THAN
THE SCIENCE OF CORRECT
DEDUCTION! DO I MAKE
MYSELF CLEAR?

SUDDENLY AS WE
WALKED DOWN THE
RUE MORGUE WE
HEARD SCREAMS
COMING FROM THE
FOURTH FLOOR
WINDOW OF
MADAME
L'ESPANETTE'S
APARTMENT!



JOINED BY SEVERAL
NEIGHBORS AND TWO ARMED
GENDARMES... WE FORCED
OUR WAY INTO THE PARKENED
AND DECREPIT BUILDING!



AFTER RUNNING UP IMMENSE
STEPS, THE POOR WAS UNCE-
REMONIOUSLY BATTERED DOWN
BY DUPIN...



...AND THE GENDARS WHO
ENTERED THAT ACCURSED
ROOM...NOT QUITE PROMPTED
TO HANDLE THE SNEER
MADAME THAT WAS THRUST
UPON THEIR STUNNED
SENSES!

THE APARTMENT WAS IN THE **WILDEST** DIS-
ORDER... THE FURNITURE **BROKEN** AND
THROWN ABOUT IN ALL DIRECTIONS



THIS IS
NO MORE
HUMAN
CRIME...



THE BED WAS **SMASHED**... AND NEXT TO
IT ON A CHAIR LAY A STRAIGHT **RAZOR**,
BESMEARED WITH **BLOOD**!

BUT THE WORK
OF HORRED
SATAN
HIMSELF!!

A SMALL **SAFE** WAS
FOUND, ITS DOOR **OPEN**
AND ITS CONTENTS,
THREE BAGS OF **GOLD**,
INTACT!



AT LEAST THE
MONEY IS
STILL HERE!

IN AN ADJOINING ROOM... THE
MUTILATED BODY OF MADAME
L'ESPANAYE WAS DISCOVERED! HER
THROAT WAS **SEAMED** SO BADLY...



...THAT WHEN DUPIN
AND THE GENDARME
ATTEMPTED TO MOVE
THE **CONFESSOR**... THE
LONG-TRESSED HEAD
TOPPLED
COMPLETELY OFF!





WHILE THE MAIN GROUP OF US DEALT WITH THE BODY OF THE MOTHER... A CURIOUS NEIGHBOR NOTICED A LARGE PILE OF SOOT IN THE FIREPLACE...



...AND DISCOVERED THE LIFELESS FORM OF THE ONCE-LOVELY DAUGHTER, HEAD-DOWNWARD STUFFED UP TIGHT INSIDE THE CHIMNEY!



UPON REMOVING THE CORPSE AND EXAMINING IT...

...WE FOUND IT TO BE COVERED WITH SEVERE SCRATCHES...AND UPON THE THROAT, DEEP INDENTATIONS OF FINGERS, AS IF THE DECEASED HAD BEEN THROTTLED TO DEATH!



DUPIN TOOK THE OCCASION TO MENTALLY SUMMARIZE ALL THE CLUES AT HAND! NOTHING ESCAPED HIS KEENLY-ANALYTICAL POWERS OF OBSERVATION!

NOTHING WHATSOEVER!

THE FRONT DOOR
WAS **LOCKED!**



THE BEDROOM WINDOW
OPEN AND GAPIING TO
THE CHILL NIGHT!



A **HANDFUL** OF COARSE
HAIR CLUTCHED IN
MADAME L'ESPANAYE'S
DEATH GRIP!



THREE BAGS OF GOLD
UNLOADED IN THE
UNLOCKED SAFE!



THE CRUSHED
AND **PURPLE-
TINTED**
THROAT OF THE
SCANTILY
CLAD
DAUGHTER!



AND
FINALLY
THE
**RED-
GLINTING**
RAZOR!



RAFFLED THOROUGHLY I LEFT THE
HORROR SCENE WITH DUPIN!

THE NEXT DAY UPON AWAKENING
DUPIN ANNOUNCED HE HAD SOLVED
THE CRIME DURING THE NIGHT!



HE EXPLAINED
HIS **DEDUCTION**
WITH STEP-BY-STEP
LOGIC!



MONEY HAD
NOT THE MOTIVE
SINCE ALL THE GOLD
WAS LEFT BEHIND!

SO...
THINK BACK CAREFULLY,
MY FRIEND! WHOEVER
COMMITTED THE CRIME
WAS FORCED TO ENTER
THRU THE OPEN BED-
ROOM WINDOW!

AND THE VILLAIN
HAD COARSE,
UNNATURAL HAIR...
AND POSSESSED
AMAZING
STRENGTH!

CLEARLY, MY
DESCRIPTION IS NOT
OF A HUMAN
CRIMINAL... BUT A
**MURDEROUS
APE!!**



AGHAST, I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EARS!

DON'T LOOK SO STARTLED! IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE THAT MALTESE SAILORS OFTEN MAKE PETS OF GIANT ORANGUTANS!



I'M SURE THERE ARE CURRENTLY MANY MALTESE SEAMEN VISITING PARIS ALONG WITH THEIR APES!



NOW WE MUST FLUSH OUT THE GUILTY SAILOR WHO OWNS THE CRAZED BEAST... SO WE WILL HAVE PROOF TO PRESENT TO THE GENDARMES!

THAT AFTERNOON... AN AD APPEARED IN THE LOCAL PAPER!

IT READ...



WE HOPED OUR SAILOR WAS READING THE AD AS WELL!



AS THE SHADOWS LENGTHENED AND EVENING DREW IN UPON US, WE HEARD A STEP UPON THE STAIR!

TAKE THIS PISTOL, MY FRIEND! WE MAY REQUIRE IT TO DETAIN THE SAILOR!



BUT DO NOT REVEAL IT OR USE IT UNTIL I GIVE A SIGNAL! HURRY NOW. HIDE IT! OUR GUEST IS RIGHT OUTSIDE!

NO SOONER DID PUPIN FINISH HIS **NASTY** WORDS THAN THERE WAS A **LOUD KNOCK** ON THE DOOR... AND A **BURLY SAILOR** ENTERED!



AM I SURPRISE YOU ARE HERE CONCERNING THE CAPTURED APE CORRECT?

TRUE, SIR! HE IS VERY VALUABLE TO ME... AS I PLAN TO EVENTUALLY SELL THE CREATURE TO A ZOO OR CIRCUS!



I REALLY DON'T HAVE MUCH MONEY, SIR... BUT I STILL FEEL IT NECESSARY TO PAY YOU A REWARD FOR RETAINING MY PET!

HAHAHA! IN THAT CASE A REWARD NEED NOT BE MONETARY! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS YOU COULD GIVE ME!



SUCH AS YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF EVENTS SURROUNDING THE RECENT TWIN MURDERS IN THE BLUE MORGUE?

THE SEAMEN SUDDENLY STOOD AND HORRIBLY LOOKED AS THOUGH HE WAS SUFFERING FROM SUFFOCATION!

I FEARED THE **MALTESE** SAILOR MIGHT BE TEMPTED TO FLEE IN UTTER PANIC... SO I PRODUCED THE COCKED PISTOL!



I AM INNOCENT! INNOCENT! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME! LISTEN! I WILL TELL EVERYTHING!

AND AT ITS SIGHT, THE BURLY CREWMEN COLLAPSED IN HIS CHAIR, PREPARED TO RELATE ALL!



"RETURNING HOME FROM A LOWLY
SAILOR'S RUM-FILLED FROLIC
ON PARIS..."



"...I FOUND THE BRUTE, A BRISTLE-HAIRED
ORANGUTAN, BROKEN OUT OF ITS STURDY
CAGE... AND OCCUPYING MY LIVING ROOM!"



"IT WAS STANDING
IN FRONT OF A
MIRROR,
GESTURING WITH
AMOR IN
HAND IMITATING
THE HUMAN
MOTIONS OF
SHAVING!"



"MY ENTRANCE
STARTLED THE
BEAST... AND
SWIFTLY IT
FLED FROM
AN OPEN WINDOW!"



"AS I ALREADY SAID, I HAD
PLANNED TO SELL THE
CREATURE IN PARIS... SO
I TRACKED IT AS BEST I
COULD FROM THE STREET..."



"...WHILE IT MADE ITS
LOMBERING WAY ACROSS
THE MIDNIGHT-GLOOMED
ROOFTOPS!"

"I WAS ALSO AFRAID THE APE, YOU SEE, MIGHT ACCIDENTALLY CAUSE AMYDOR WITH THE GLEAMING WEAPON IT CARRIED!"



"MY WORST FEARS WERE REALIZED WHEN MY SHAGGY 'PET' ENTERED AN OPEN FOURTH FLOOR WINDOW OF THE ROSE ANTHEODE!"



"WELL CAN I IMAGINE THE STARK TERROR OF THE TABLEAU INSIDE THE SILENCE-SHATTERED DWELLING!"



"THE APE IN A WILD MOOD OF PLAYFULNESS, PROBABLY TRIED TO 'SHAVE' MADAME L'ESPANNOLE!"



"THE TERRIFIED WOMAN MUST HAVE SCREAMED AND RESISTED THE POWERFUL GAUTE'S EFFORTS..."



"WHICH APPARENTLY WHIPPED THE ORANSUTAN INTO A FROTHING MAD FRENZY..."



...CAUSING THE ENRAGED APE TO
LASH OUT VIOLENTLY...

MOTHER!

NOOOO-O-O-O-O!

...SPLITTING THE POOR
WOMAN'S PILE THROAT
FROM EAR TO BLOOD-
GUSHING EAR...

* NEARLY COMPLETELY
SEVERING THE HEAD
FROM THE NECK!! *





NOT LONG AGO, DURING THE
DUSK OF AN EVENING
IN AUTUMN, I STOOD BEFORE
A LARGE WINDOW OF THE
DOVER HOTEL IN LONDON!

FOR SOME WEEKS I HAD
BEEN IN *ILL HEALTH* BUT
WAS NOW *CONVALESCENT*...

...AND AS MY OLD STRENGTH
RETURNED, A UNIQUE AND
UNUSUAL MOOD ALSO
INFLICTED MY SENSES!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S



MAN OF THE CROWD

MY INTELLECT BECAME
HEIGHTENED, *ELECTRIFIED*...
IMPARTING AN INQUISITIVE
INTEREST TOWARD EVERY-
THING! THAT WAS HOW I
FIRST BECAME AWARE OF
THE SCURRYING CROWD
THAT BUSTLED BEFORE
THE HOTEL WINDOW!





WITH MY BROW TO THE GLASS,
I WAS TRULY SCOUTINIZING THE
PENIZENS WHO ONLY COME OUT AT
NIGHT...



...WHEN
SUDDENLY
THERE CAME
INTO VIEW THE
FIGURE OF A
DECREPIT OLD
MAN OF
PERHAPS
SIXTY-FIVE!



... FOR THE MAN HAD
THE HELLISH FACE
OF A HUMAN FEND
INCARNATE !



THE CHARACTER CONVEYED
RAW, INCALCULABLE
EMOTION, AND RICE, COOL-
NESS, CAUTION, MALICE,
BLOOD-THIRSTINESS,
TRIUMPH, TERROR...

MY ATTENTION
WAS ARRESTED
AND ABSORBED
AT ONCE ..

...AND PERHAPS MOST OF ALL...
EXTREME DESPAIR !

THEN CAME A CRAVING DESIRE TO
KEEP THE **BLACK-CAPED** MAN IN
VIEW! HURRIEDLY PUTTING ON AN
OVERCOAT, AND **SEIZING** MY MUT...



...I MADE MY WAY TO THE **STREET**,
AND PUSHED THROUGH THE DIVERSE
CROWD IN THE DIRECTION I HAD
SEEN HIM TAKE!



HE WAS VERY
SHORT IN STATURE,
VERY **TWIM** AND
APPARENTLY VERY
FEEDLE!

WHILE HE CROSSED
A LANE, I HAD
CHANCED TO OBSERVE
A **DAGGER'S** HILT
THAT **GLEAMED**
FROM HIS BELT!



NEVER ONCE TURNING HIS HEAD TO LOOK BACK,
HE DID NOT OBSERVE ME!



BY AND BY HE **PASSED** INTO A **SIDE STREET**...
WHICH WAS NOT QUITE SO **THROGGED** AS
THE MAIN ONE HE HAD JUST **LEFT!**



HERE... A **MARKED** CHANGE IN HIS **DEMEANOR**
BECAME **EVIDENT!** HE WALKED **SLOWLY**... MORE
HEESITANTLY... **ODDLY ILL AT EASE!**



HE **CROSSED** AND **RE-CROSSED** THE STREET REPEATEDLY, WITHOUT ANY AIM... ALWAYS HEADING TO THE SPOT THAT **MOMENTARILY** HELD THE **MOST** PEOPLE!



HIS CHIN **FELL** UPON HIS BREAST... WHILE HIS EYES **ROLLED** WILDLY FROM UNDER HIS KNIT BROWS, IN EVERY DIRECTION, UPON THOSE WHO **HEMMED** HIM IN!



AFTER ARRIVING AT THE END OF THE ROAD, HE **TURNUED** SHARPLY... ALMOST **DETECTING** ME... AND **RETRACED** HIS FURTIVE STEPS!



THE **SILVER-HAIRED** MAN WALKED THUS, BACK AND FORTH, UP AND DOWN THE LANE FOR AN HOUR... UNTIL, AT LAST, THE **LATE-NIGHT** STROLLERS **BEGAN** TO **TWIM!**



WITH AN **ANGRY** GESTURE OF IMPATIENCE, THE AGED WANDERER DISPLAYED HIS **DISGUST** AT THE **FAST-DWINDING** GROUPS...

...AND HAVING SHOWN HIS **DISPLEASURE**, STALKED DOWN A **DESERTED** ALLEY!

DOWN THIS HE RUSHED
WITH AN ACTIVITY I
COULD NOT HAVE
DREAMED OF SEEING
IN ONE SO AGED...

...AND WHICH PUT
ME TO MUCH TROUBLE
IN PURSUIT!

A FEW MINUTES BROUGHT US TO
A LARGE AND BUSY BAZAAR...
WHERE HIS ORIGINAL MANNER
AGAIN BECAME APPARENT...
AS HE FORCED HIS WAY TO
AND FRO, WITHOUT AUM, AMONG
THE SHOPPERS!

EVENTUALLY A LOUD-TONED
TOWER BELL ANNOUNCED
THE ELEVENTH HOUR.
THE SHOP-MERCHANTS
CLOSED...



...CAUSING THE
VACANTLY
STARING
OLD MAN TO
COMMENCE
ANew HIS
PURPOSE-
LESS QUEST!

WE ARRIVED AT LENGTH,
BACK AT THE POWER HOTEL!

A FIERCE RAIN FELL, THE STREET RAPIDLY
EMPTIED... AND THE FRENCH-LOOKING MAN
TURNED DEATHLY PALE!

LIKE A PERSON POSSESSED, THE
CAPED STRANGER SUDDENLY VEERED
IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RIVER...



...WHERE, AMID
MUCH DEPLORABLE
POVERTY AND SQUALOR,
HE COULD STILL BASK
IN THE PRESENCE
OF PEOPLE!



THERE WERE BUMS, THIEVES,
PICK-POCKETS, SEAMEN
AND WOMEN OF ILL REPUTE
AROUND ALL SIDES OF THE
DARK-EYED ONE...



...AND HE SECRETLY REVELLED TO HIMSELF
WHILE IN THE MOB'S VERY MIDST!

THE OLD MAN DREW
STRENGTH FROM EVERY-
ONE... LEECHED THEIR
EMOTIONS... SUCKED AT
THEIR THOUGHTS... DUNK
IN THEIR "BEINGNESS"...
AND SOMEHOW ABSORBED
THEIR POWER AND VIGOR
UNTO HIMSELF!



AND THEN I KNEW THE MYSTERIOUS INDIVIDUAL FOR WHAT HE
WAS... A PSYCHIC VAMPIRE...



...LIVING
OFF THE
SOULS OF
OTHERS!

FOR THE REST OF THE DOG-
FILLED NIGHT, I FOLLOWED
MY RESTLESS PREY
RELENTLESSLY...



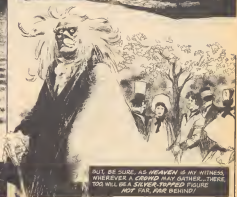
...UNTIL FINALLY I LOST SIGHT OF HIM IN THE
EARLY MORNING CROWDS THAT ARE REBORN
WITH THE DAWNING OF A NEW DAY!



BUT HE IS STILL OUT THERE SOMEWHERE... EVER SEEKING
EVERY MOUNT OF LONDON THAT HARBORS PEOPLE... SO THAT
HE MAY FEAST IN HIS OWN UNWILLY WAY!



MY INTEREST IN THE OLD MAN
HAS NOW EVAPORATED! I
SENSE THERE IS NOTHING
MORE I MAY LEARN OF HIM...OR
THE PETIT CURSE THAT MOTIVATES
HIS PISCINE PILGRIMAGE!



BUT, BE SURE, AS HEAVEN IS MY WITNESS,
WHEREVER A CROWD MAY GATHER... THERE
TOD WILL BE A SILVER-TIPPED FIGURE
NOT FAR, FAR BEHIND!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

A detailed illustration of a study. In the foreground, a man with a high-collared coat sits in a large, ornate chair, looking down at a book or paper in his lap. Behind him is a large fireplace mantel. On the mantel, from left to right, are a small clock, a bust of a man, and a vase. To the right of the mantel is a bookshelf filled with books. A small table with a candlestick stands to the right of the man. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from a window behind the mantel.

I HAD GENTLY ENDURED
A THOUSAND INJURIES
FROM THE NOBLEMAN,
FORTUNATO... BUT, AFTER
A WHILE, I REFUSED TO
TOLERATE HIS INSULTS
FURTHER!

I VOWED
TO AVENGE
MYSELF!

NOT ONCE DID I
GIVE FORTUNATO
A SINGLE CLUE
THAT THE THING I
DESIRED MOST
WAS HIS DEATH!

I ATTACKED HIM
THROUGH HIS WEAK
POINT! THE POOR
FOOL FANCIED
HIMSELF A
CONNOISSEUR
OF FINE
WINES!

AND I HAD A MOST
SPECIAL WINE FOR
HIM TO SAMPLE... A
CASK OF
AMONTILLADO!

I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT FATEFUL NIGHT WE MET FOR THE FINAL TIME! THERE WAS A CARNIVAL IN PROGRESS...



...AND FORTUNATO... THE POOR ANDY... WAS DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION!

AH, MY DEAR FORTUNATO... YOU LOOK REMARKABLY WELL! A PITY I CAN NOT SAY THE SAME FOR MYSELF!

EH, ? AND WHY NOT ?

I HAVE PURCHASED WHAT SEEMS TO BE A CASK OF AMONTILLADO... ALTHOUGH I NOW HAVE MY DOUBTS!



AMONTILLADO... ?

AS I SAID, I HAVE MY DOUBTS!



AND I MUST SATISFY THEM!



COME, THEN... LET US GO, MONTRESOR, TO YOUR FAMILY VAULT! I SHALL DETERMINE WHETHER THE WINE IS GENUINE OR NOT!

MY FRIEND... NO! I WILL NOT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOUR GOOD NATURE!



BESIDES, THE UNDERGROUND VAULTS ARE EXCEPTINGLY COLD... AND I KNOW YOUR HEALTH AT BEST, IS A FRAIL THING!

LET US GO, NEVERTHELESS! THE COLD IS NOTHING... COMPARED TO THE WHIRLWINDS OF AMONTILLADO!



SLAVE I ADMITTED! THERE WERE NO SERVANTS
AT MY VILLA! THEY ALL HAD THE NIGHT OFF... AND
WERE ENJOYING THEMSELVES AT THE CARNIVAL!



OBTAINING A TORCH ONCE INSIDE... WE PASSED
UNDER A LOW ARCHWAY...



AND CAUTIOUSLY MADE OUR WAY
DOWN THE COLD STEPS THAT LEAD
TO THE WINE-CELLAR!

WE CAME AT LENGTH TO THE STAIRS...
AND STOOD TOGETHER IN THE DARK
OF MY FAMILY'S CATACOMBS!



FORTUNATO'S HEALTH WAS
WORSE THAN HE CARED TO
OPENLY ADMIT! HIS GAIT
WAS UNSTEADY... AND THE
BELL'S UPON HIS CAP
JINGLED AS HE STRODE!

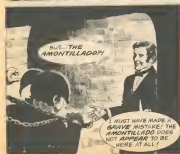
THE ICEY CHILL OF THE NIGHT
GRIPPED US BOTH IN ITS GRASP!



LOOK, MY FRIEND, THE
DARKNESS GROWS ON THE
STONE WALLS LIKE SLOW-
CREEPING MOSS!

I FEAR YOU WILL GROW
ILL... UNLESS I CAN
FIND SOMETHING TO
ENLIVEN YOUR SPIRITS!





...TO WALL MY GOOD FRIEND UP!



I HAD SCARCELY LAID THE FIRST LEVEL OF MASONRY... WHEN I DISCOVERED FORTUNATO'S INTOXICATION HAD, IN GREAT MEASURE, WORN OFF!



THE EARLIEST INDICATION I HAD OF THIS WAS A LOW, MOANING CRY FROM THE DEPTH OF THE RECESS!



IT WAS NOT THE CRY OF A DRUNKEN MAN! THE GROWL WAS FOLLOWED BY AN INTERVAL OF UTTER SILENCE!

I LAD THE FIRST, SECOND, THIRD AND FOURTH LEVELS...



...WHEN I HEARD THE NOBLEMAN WITHIN RATTLEING THE CHAIN WHICH BOUND HIM... DESPERATELY TRYING TO ESCAPE!



SITTING UPON A PILE OF TIME-YELLOWED BONES... I CALMLY WAITED FOR THE FOOL'S VAIN STRUGGLES TO CEASE!



AND WHEN THE DISTRACTING
BATTING HORSE STOPPED, I
PICKED UP THE TROWEL...



AND CONTINUED WITHOUT INTER-
RUPTION, THE FIFTH, SIXTH AND
SEVENTH LEVELS...

...DRINKING THE WALL EVEN
WITH MY CHEST!



FINALLY, AROUND MIDNIGHT ONLY ONE
LAST STONE REMAINED...



WHEN THE VOICE OF FORTUNATO
CALLED TO ME!



HA! HA! HA! HA! THAT'S
A VERY GOOD JOKE YOU'VE
PLAYED ON ME! WE WILL HAVE
A HEARTY LAUGH ABOUT IT
OVER SOME WINE
SOMEDAY!



YOU MEAN...
OVER SOME
AMONTILLADO?

YES, MONSIEUR...
OVER SOME AMONTILLADO!
NOW PLEASE... FOR THE
LOVE OF GOD...
LET ME OUT!

MY REPLY WAS TO FORCE THE ANNE
STONE INTO PLACE... AND THEN TO
PLASTER UP THE ENTIRE WALL!



AGAINST THE
MILK SNIKE I
ERECTED THE
PILE OF OLD
BONES... SO
THAT NO ONE
COULD TELL
FORTUNARDO
WAS
IMPRISONED
BEHIND THE
NEW WALL...



...AND IT IS
DOUBTFUL
THAT
ANYONE
EVER
WILL!



FOR YOU
SEE, I
COMMITTED
THIS CRIME
WELL OVER
FIFTY
YEARS AGO!

AND SINCE
THAT TIME,
I HAVE TASTED
MANY FINE
BOTTLES OF
WONTILLADO...

...ALL OF
THEM EVER
SO PLEASANT
LIKE THE
TASTE OF
SWEET
VICTORY!



PROLOGUE

I AM, OWNS, A GREEK... AND PROUD
CAPTAIN OF THE PALACE GUARD!



HOW
SOUNDS THE
NORTHERN
GATE, SIR?

ALL IS
SECURE, GENERAL.
AS IS THE EASTERN
GATE, ALSO!

THIS PAST YEAR HAS BEEN A
TIME OF PRISTINE FERRIS...
FOR MANY PRODIGES AND
SIGNS HAVE TAKEN PLACE...



...AND FAR AND WIDE, OVER SEA
AND LAND HAVE STRETCHED THE
WINGS OF... PESTILENCE!!

THE CAUSE FOR ALL THIS HORROR... ACCORDING, AT
LEAST, TO THE ROMAN SEER... WAS THE MERRING OF
NIGHTY JUPITER WITH RED-WINGED SATURN!



AS YOU CAN
EASILY SEE, MY DEAR
CAPTAIN, THE SIGNS, FOR
THE NEXT SEVERAL
MONTHS, CURSE
US ALL!

THE PECULIAR SPIRIT OF THE STARS, IF I
MISTAKE NOT GREATLY, MADE ITSELF MANIFEST
NOT ONLY IN THE PHYSICAL ORB OF THE EARTH...



...BUT IN THE SIGNS,
IMAGINATIONS AND DEEPS
OF MEN EVERYWHERE!

SHADOW

OVER SOME FLASKS OF RED CHAIN WINE,
WITHIN THE WALLS OF ABBEY HALL, IN A
DARK CITY CALLED ABBEYHALL... WE SAT
AT NIGHT, A COMPANY OF SEVEN!



A TOAST!
LET US DRINK
DEEPLY TO **EVIL**...
AND TO THE **POOR**
FATE WHICH
AWAITS US
ALL!

AYE!
LET US TOAST
SPEARMAN
ZOLUS...

AND TO OUR CHAMBER THERE
WAS NO **ENTRANCE**... SAVE BY
A LOFTY DOOR OF **BRASS**...
WHICH WAS **FASTENED** FROM
WITHIN!

BLACK DRAPERIES, LIKEWISE, IN THE
BLOOMY ROOM, SHUT OUT FROM OUR
VIEW THE **MOON**, THE **LIVID** STARS,
AND THE **PEOPLELESS** STREETS...

...BUT THE **BROODING** AND THE
SENSATION OF **EVIL**, COULD
NOT BE SO EASILY **EXCLUDED**!



...AND TO THE
POOR **FATE**...



...WHICH
AWAITS...



...US
ALL!!

FOR THERE WAS YET ANOTHER TENANT OF OUR CHAMBER, IN THE PERSON OF YOUNG ZOLLUS, A FELLOW WARRIOR...

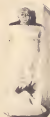
...WHO WAS STONE-COLD DEAD!



HE LAY AT FULL LENGTH, ENCAFOINED FROM FOOT TO NECK... AND WAS THE REASON FOR OUR MAD GATHERING TOGETHER!



ALAS! ZOLLUS BORE NO PORTION OF OUR MIRTH... SAVE THAT HIS COUNTERTEINANCE, DISTORTED BY THE PLAGUE, SEEMED TO MAKE HIS EYES SPARKLE AND BURN WITH MYSTERIOUS FIRES!



BUT ALTHOUGH I, GIMMIS, FELT THE GAZE OF THE DEPARTED UPON ME... STILL I FORCED MYSELF NOT TO PERCEIVE THE BITTERNESS OF MY DEAD CONRADE'S EXPRESSION!



AND STARRING DOWN AT MY OWN REFLECTION IN THE GOBLET I HELD, I SAW WITH A LOUD AND SONOROUS VOICE ABOUT LIFE AND THE STILL-LIVING!



THERE WERE THINGS AROUND AND ABOUT US
OF WHICH I CAN RENDER NO DISTINCT ACCOUNT...

...THINGS MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL...

...AWE IN THE ATMOSPHERE...

...A CLOVING SENSE OF SUFFOCATION...

... ANXIETY...

...AND ABOVE ALL, THAT INDEFINABLE
STATE OF EXISTENCE WHEN THE SENSES
ARE KEENLY ALIVE AND AWARE!

A DEAD WEIGHT HUNG UPON OUR LIMBS...
UPON THE HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE... AND
UPON THE GORGETS FROM WHICH WE RAN!



ALL THINGS WERE
DEPRESSED...
AND BORN DOWN
THEREBY!



YET, WE LAUGHED AND WERE MERRY IN
OUR OWN WAY, WHICH WAS MYSTERICAL...!



A CRAZED HOOD HAD
FALLEN UPON US ALL...!

WE SANG AND DRANK DEEPLY
... ALTHOUGH THE SHINING RED
WINE REMINDED US OF BLOOD!



BUT IT
FEELS SO
INTOXICATINGLY
GOOD. NONE SEEKS
A SINGLE REASON
NOT TO REVEL!

AGAIN,
FELLOW SPEAR-
MEN! ANOTHER
TOAST TO OUR
CAPTAIN...
GINGS!

AND LO! FROM BEHIND THOSE RAVEN-
BLACK CURTAINS, THERE CAME FORTH
A DARK AND UNDEFINED SHADOW...



BUT GRADUALLY THE
SONES CEASED! HALTED!
AND THEIR EDGES,
ROLLING AFAR TOWARDS
THE SABLE DRAPERIES
OF THE CHAMBER, BECAME
UNDISTINGUISHABLE...
AND FADED AWAY...



...A SHADOWY SUCH AS THE BRIGHT
MOON, WHILE TET LOW IN HEAVEN,
MIGHT FURNISH FROM THE FIGURE
OF A MAN!



THE SHADOW WAS VAGUE, AND FORMLESS
AND INDEFINITE...AND WAS THE SHADOW
NEITHER OF MAN NOR GOD?



WE, THE SEVEN THERE ASSEMBLED, HAVING SEEN
THE SHADOWY TRAVEL FROM THE CUSTAINS TO THE
BENCHES, DARED NOT STEADILY BEHOLD IT, BUT
CAST OUR EYES DOWNWARD; ALL THAT IS SAVE I, DARE!



AFTER QUIVERING
BY THE DRAPERIES,
IT AT LENGTH ENTERED
IN FULL VIEW UPON
THE SURFICE OF
THE DOOR OF BRASS!



THE EBON ENTITY RESTED UPON THE BRAZEN
DOOR, AND ARMED NOT, NOR SPARKED ANY
WORD, BUT THERE BECAME STATIONARY
AND REMAINED!



IT RADIATES
A PULL-RED AURA
OF OPPRESSIVE POWER!
DARE I CHALLENGE
IT...?



THEN I, CAPTAIN OF
MY MEN, SPEAKING
SOME LOW WORDS,
DERIVED OF
THE SHADOW ITS
CELESTIAL
ORIGIN!



WHERE
ARE YOU FROM,
BLACK ONE...AND
WHY SEEK YOU TO
DARKEN OUR
DOORWAY WITH
YOUR MURKIN
FRAME?

SUPRENNY WE, THE SEVEN,
STARTED FROM OUR SEATS
IN AWE...

AND STOOD THUS TREMBLING
AND SHUDDERING, AND AGHAST...



AND THE SHADOW
ANSWERED!



THERE IS
NO ESCAPE
FROM ME!

THESE
NEVER!



...FOR THE TONES IN THE VOICE OF THE
SHADOWY WERE NOT THE TONES OF
ANY ONE BEING, BUT A MULTITUDE OF
VOICES...BESIDES, AND FAMILIAR
ACCENTS OF HUNDREDS OF DEPARTED
FRIENDS!

I AND MY COMPANIONS HAD READY TO FLEE...
FOR WE KNEW THE **SHADOW** TO BE...**DEATH!!**

BUT, IT WAS **ALREADY** FAR TOO LATE! MY
FRIENDS-IN-BATTLE GRABBED AND CLUTCHED
AT THEIR THROATS ALL ABOUT ME... AND
TOPPLED LIKE FELLEED TREES!

THE **SHADOW** DROPPED UPON US...
GATHERING UP ALL OUR SOULS
FROM OUR **POK-SPLINTERED** BODIES!

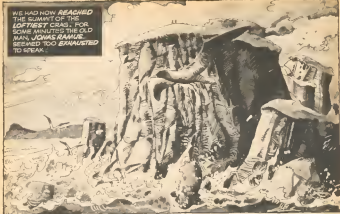
UNKNOWINGLY
WE HAD COME
TO BID FAREWELL
TO **PLAGUE**.
ANDREW ZOLLIS,
AND WE ALL HAD
CAUGHT THE
DREAD
CONTAGION
FROM HIM!!

THE DREADED
PLAGUE!



PROLOGUE

WE HAD NOW **REACHED** THE SUMMIT OF THE **LOFTIEST CRAG**. FOR SOME MINUTES THE OLD MAN, **JONAS RAMUS**, SEEMED TOO **EXHAUSTED** TO SPEAK.



THREE YEARS AGO, I COULD HAVE **EASILY** GUIDED YOU, TO THE **SPOT**, YOUNG MAN!

BUT YOU SEE, I HAVE ENDURED AN **ORDEAL** THAT HAS BOTH BROKEN MY **BODY** AND **SPIRIT**!

YOU, I **IMAGINE**, SUPPOSE ME TO BE A **VERY OLD MAN**... AND YET, I AM **NOT**!

MY HAIR AT ONE TIME WAS **JET BLACK**! PURE TERROR CHANGED IT **SNOWY WHITE** IN AN **INSTANT**!

BUT, **NEVER** MIND THAT! I BROUGHT YOU HERE TO HAVE THE **BEST POSSIBLE VIEW** OF THE SEA... AS WELL AS **HARKEN** TO MY TALE!

WE STOOD ON A **SHARP** CLIFF OF **BLACK, SHINY ROCK**... **SIXTEEN HUNDRED FEET** ABOVE **WINE-LASHED REEFS**!



I, ALONG WITH THE OLD SAILOR JONAS, LOOKED OUT OVER THE MESSY GOBBAN...AND BEHELD A DEPLORABLY DESOLATE PANORAMA...BROKEN ONLY BY A HALF-DOZEN BLEAK ISLANDS!



DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING...? DO YOU SEE ANY CHANGE IN THE WATER?



AS THE WHITE-HAIRED MAN SPOKE, I BECAME AWARE OF A LOUD AND GRADUALLY INCREASING SOUND...LIKE THE MUTED THUNDER OF A VAST HERD OF BUFFALOES UPON AN AMERICAN PRAIRIE!



AN EASTWARD CURRENT QUICKLY BECAME MAMPERT AND, EVEN WHILE I GAZED, ACQUIRED A MONSTROUS MOMENTUM!



EACH MOMENT ADDED TO ITS SPEED! IN FIVE MINUTES, THE ENTIRE SEA BOILED WITH UNGOVERNABLE FURY!



SUDDENLY... VERY SUDDENLY...
THE FOAM-RASING CURRENT
TOOK ON A SWIRLY
MOTION... AND ASSUMED A
DEFINITE CIRCULAR SHAPE
... GREATER THAN A MILE IN
DIAMETER?

THE EDGE OF THE WILD WHIRL
WAS REPRESENTED BY A BROAD
BELT OF **GLASSING** SPRAY THAT
FRAMED THE MOUTH OF THE
FUNNEL...

AND THE INTERIOR, AS FAR
AS THE EYE COULD FATHOM IT
WAS A SMOOTH **MIRROR** -
BRIGHT BAVEN-BLACK WALL
OF WATER...

A WALL INCLINED TO
THE HORIZON AT AN
ANGLE OF SOME FORTY-
FIVE DEGREES...
SPEDDING **DIZZILY**
AROUND AND AROUND...

ROAR-R-R-RRR-R-R-RRRR-

...SENDING FORTH TO
THE WINDS AN
APPALLING VOICE...
HALF SHRIEK, HALF ROAR
... SUCH AS NOT EVEN
THE MIGHTY CATARACT
OF **NIAGARA** EVER
LIFTS UP IN ITS **AGONY**
TO HEAVEN!

A DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTROM!

HERE'S A STORY
THAT'S JUST
SURFACED...AND
IS BOUND TO TUG
AT YOUR EMOTIONS!
IT'S A **SALT-
SPLATTERED**
EPIC BY **EDGAR
ALLAN POE!**

THE MOUNTAIN WE STOOD
UPON TREMBLED TO ITS
VERY BASE... AND THE
ROCK, IN A MANNER OF
SPEAKING, AGGAIRED!

THE STRENGTH
AND POWER OF
THE MAELSTROM
IS GREAT INDEED,
BH?

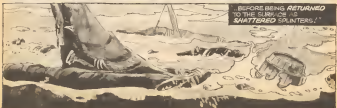
"MANY TIMES THESE SEA-WEARY EYES OF MINE HAVE WITNESSED BOATS, NIGHTS AND SHIPS CARRIED
AWAY TO UNKNOWN, INKY DEPTHS..."



"...WHERE THEY ARE BEATEN TO
MERE FRAGMENTS ON THE
ROCKS FAR BELOW..."



"...BEFORE BEING RETURNED
TO THE SURFACE AS
SHATTERED SPLINTERS!"



YOU HAVE HAD A GOOD
LOOK AT THE WHIRL!

PERHAPS, YOUNG
MAN, YOU ARE NOW
READY FOR THIS,
MY STORY!



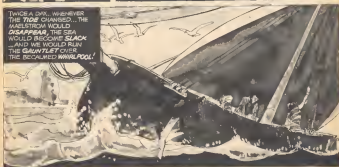
I AND MY TWO BROTHERS ONCE OWNED
A SONGOVER-RIGGED SMACK!



OFTEN WE FISHED
BETWEEN THE DISTANT
ISLANDS... AMONG
DANGEROUS
CURRENTS... SINCE
THERE WAS TO BE
FOUND THE BEST
CATCH!



TWICE A DAY... WHENEVER
THE TIDE CHANGED... THE
MAELSTROM WOULD
DISAPPEAR, THE SEA
WOULD BECOME SLACK
...AND WE WOULD RUN
THE GAUNTLET OVER
THE SO-CALLED WHIRLPOOL!



THE RISKS INVOLVED WERE GREAT!
BUT, WE USUALLY CAUGHT MORE IN
A SINGLE DAY... THAN OTHER MORE
TIMID CRAFT COULD LAND IN A
WEEK!



IT WAS ABOUT
THREE YEARS AGO
TO THE DAY... THAT
DISASTER FINALLY
FELL **HEAVY-HANDED**
UPON US!



OUR HATCH **BRIMMING** WITH
FISH, WE SET OUT IN TIME TO
MEET THE SLACK PERIOD OF
THE **VORTEX**, NEVER ONCE
DREAMING OF **DOOM** OR
DEATH...



...WHEN, WITHOUT WARNING,
THE LENGTH OF THE DISTANT
HORIZON WAS **SLOTTED** FROM
SIGHT BY A **SOLITARY** CLOUD
WHICH GREW WITH AMAZING
VELOCITY!



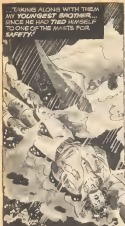
IN LESS THAN A **MINUTE**, THE
SKY WAS COMPLETELY
OVERCAST... IN LESS THAN
TWO THE STORM WAS AT ITS
ZENITH!



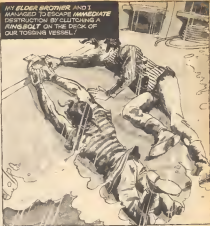
THE FIRST **AND** GUST SNAPPED OUR SAILS AS IF
THEY HAD BEEN **CLEANLY** SAWS IN HALF...



...TAKING ALONG WITH THEM
MY **YOUNGEST BROTHER**...
SINCE HE HAD **TIED** HIMSELF
TO ONE OF THE MAITS FOR
SAFETY!



MY **ELDER BROTHER** AND I
MANAGED TO ESCAPE **IMMEDIATE**
DESTRUCTION BY CLUTCHING A
RINGSBOLT ON THE DECK OF
OUR TOSING VESSEL.



FOR **ENDLESS** HOURS, WE TOGETHER
RODE OUT THE **MAIN BLAST** / I
REJOICED IN THE FACT THAT WE
LIVED... AND MIGHT YET **SURVIVE** THE
TURBULT.



BUT, MY BROTHER **GRIPPED** MY ARM
...AND MY JOY MELTED TO **HORROR**
... FOR HE PUT HIS MOUTH CLOSE
TO MY EAR... AND **SCREAMED** A
SINGLE WORD...



NO ONE WILL **EVER** KNOW WHAT MY
FEELINGS WERE AT THAT **MOMENT**...
I **QUIVERED** FROM HEAD TO FOOT
AS IF WITH A FIT OF TOTAL **FEAR**!





AS WE SPUN THUS AROUND
THE LIP OF THE MAELSTROM...
THE **SILVER MOON**
APPEARED FROM BEHIND
REMNANT STORM CLOUDS...

...IMPARTING A **SUPERNATURAL**...
EVEN / ALMOST **SERENE**... BEAUTY
TO **UNWIELD**ED NATURE AT ITS
HARDEST /



HOW OFTEN WE MADE THE
CIRCUIT OF THE POAM MOUTH
IT IS **IMPOSSIBLE** TO SAY!



I ONLY KNOW THAT AFTER A
SHORT INTERVAL, OUR
BATTERED CRAFT GAVE AN
UNEXPECTED **LURCH** SHARPLY
TO ONE SIDE...



...AND WE **RUSHED** HEADLONG
DOWN INTO THE **WATERY**
ABYSS!



BUT, WE DID NOT DESCEND
TO THE BLACK
BOTTOM IMMEDIATELY!
WHEN I FINALLY SUMMONED
THE COURAGE TO OPEN MY
EYES AND SURVEY OUR
SURROUNDINGS...

...I FOUND WE WERE SUSPENDED
MIDWAY DOWN THE REELING
FUNNEL... SKIMMING ALONG ONE
GENTLY-SLOPING, ROTATING WALL,
SLOWLY SPIRALING DOWNWARD AT
A SNAIL'S PACE... INCH BY
UNSPEAKABLE INCH!



ROUND AND ROUND WE WERE SWIRLED... NOT WITH
ANY UNIFORM MOVEMENT... BUT WITH
UNCEASEMONGOUS JERKS THAT PULLED AND
TUGGED US EVER DEEPER INTO THE MAW OF THE
VORTEX.

IT WAS THEN I NOTICED THAT OBLONG
OBJECTS LIKE TREES AND JAGGED DEBRIS
DESCENDED MUCH FASTER THAN SQUAT
BULKY THINGS... WHICH HARDLY FELL AT ALL!



ACCORDING TO THAT LINE OF
REASONING... A **BARREL** WOULD
SINK FAR LESS RAPIDLY THAN THE
SHIP WE WERE PRESENTLY **AMONG!**



LIKE A MAN **POSSESSED**, I MADE MY WAY TO THE STERN AND
LASHED MYSELF TO A LARGE, EMPTY WATERKEG!



I MOTIONED FOR MY OLDER BROTHER TO JOIN
ME... BUT FOR THE LOVE OF CREATION, HE WAS
TOO **FEAR-FROZEN** TO RELEASE HIS **DEATH-
GRIP** FROM THE DECK'S RINGBOLT!



I HAD NO OTHER CHOICE BUT TO
ABANDON MY POOR BROTHER...
AND MERGE WITH THE LIQUID
EMBRACE OF THE RUMBLING
VORTEX!



MY **THEORY**, PRAISE BE, WAS **RIGHT!** I DID
NOT PLUNGE TO THE **CRAZZY** DEPTHS...
WHILE TIED TO THE **STOUT AND STURDY**
BARREL!





JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO SHARE IN A SIMILAR BRUTAL DEATH... THE SLACK PERIOD COMMENCED... AND THE WHIRLPOOL BEGAN TO SLOW AND ABATE ALL ABOUT ME!

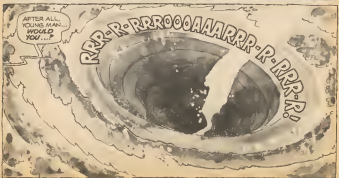


SEVERAL FISHERMEN WHO WERE ALSO MY FRIENDS FOUND ME FLOUNDERING IN THE STORM - WHIPPED SURRY! THEY DID NOT RECOGNIZE ME!



ALAS THEY DID NOT BELIEVE MY STORY - ANY MORE THAN I EXPECT YOU TO!

MY BROTHER'S SKELETON LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF THE MAELSTROM... YET NONE THAT I KNOW CARE VENTURE NEAR ENOUGH TO CONFIRM MY TALE!



EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

BERENICE

IN THE STUDY OF *ETHICS*, *EVIL* IS SOMETIMES THE CONSEQUENCE OF *GOOD*! SO, IN FACT, OUT OF JOY IS ALSO *SORROW* BORN!

THIS WAS THE LESSON I LEARNED IN MY RELATIONSHIP WITH BEAUTIFUL *BERENICE*. WE SHARED A LOVE SO PURE, SO WHOLE-SOME, SO *BRIEF*. SHE WAS MUCH LIKE *MY MOTHER*!

IT WAS IN THIS VERY *LIBRARY* THAT MY MOTHER *DIED*! (IRONICALLY IT WAS *HERE*, TOO, THAT I WAS *BORN*! BEFORE MY *ILLNESS*... BEFORE THE *MADNESS* OVERTOOK ME, I SPENT MANY PLEASANT HOURS HERE IN QUIET *EDULTITUDE*!

IT WAS ALMOST AS THOUGH I WERE *ANOTHER PERSON*, EDUCATED, SURELY... BUT *IGNORANT* IN THE TRUE WORKINGS AND *MOROSOS* OF THE WORLD!

STORY ADAPTATION: RICH MARGOPoulos / ART: IRIDRO MONES

BERENICE AND I WERE COUSINS,
AND WE GROW UP TOGETHER IN
MY PATERNAL HALLS?



YET, DIFFERENTLY WE GREW.
I, OFTEN HAUNTED WITH A
STRANGE ILLNESS...OR ELSE,
BURIED IN TIME-WORN BOOKS...



...SHE, ADILE, GRACEFUL, AND
OVERFLOWING WITH ENERGY;
HERS WAS THE RAMBLE ON
THE HILLSIDE.



...MINE THE STUDIES
OF THE CLOISTER?



I LIVED WITHIN MY OWN HEART...
ADDICTED BODY AND SOUL TO
THE MOST INTENSE AND
INTROVERTED MEDITATION...



...WHILE BERENICE ROAMED
CARELESSLY THROUGH LIFE, WITH
NO THOUGHT OF THE SHADOWS
LOOMING IN HER PATH?



BERENICE! I CALL UPON HER NAME! OH **BERENICE!** AND, FROM THE GREY RUINS OF MEMORY, A THOUSAND **TUMULTUOUS** RECOLLECTIONS ARE **MANIFESTED!**

AND WIDELY IS HER IMAGE BEFORE ME NOW... AS IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HER **LIGHTHEARTEDNESS** AND JOY!

SHE WAS **GORGEOUS...** A TOTALLY-ENTHRALLING **BLOND BEAUTY!**



BUT, A LONG AND **NEAR-FATAL** DISEASE RELL UPON HER **PERSON!** ALAS! THE **DESTRUCTOR** CAME AND WENT!

AND THE VICTIM...? I NO LONGER TRULY KNEW HER AS **BERENICE!**



WHEREAS MY ILLNESS WAS **ACQUINTANCE** AND GRIPPED THE **MIND...** HER ILLNESS WAS **EPILEPSY** THAT CLAIMED HER **BODY!**



I FOUND HER MORE THAN ONCE ENDURING **SPASMIC TRENDS** IN A STATE OF **SEMI-CONSCIOUSNESS!**

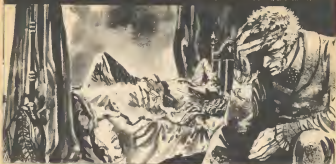
I **DARED NOT** DWELL ON **BERENICE'S** SICHENED STATE... AND, AS A **RESULT,** THE **INTENSITY** OF MY **CONTEMPLATION** IN **OTHER THINGS** UNFOLDED **DRAMATICALLY!**



I COULD EASILY BE **AUSSERED** IN A **QUANT SHADOW** FALLING, **PLANT** UPON A **TAPESTRY...** ON **LOSE MYSELF** WATCHING THE **STEADY FLAME** OF A **LAMP...** OR **DREAM AWAY** WHOLE DAYS OVER **PERFUMED FLOWERS!**



IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF MY MENTAL IMPAIRMENT, HER CALAMITY, WITHOUT A DOUBT, GAVE ME PAIN!



I SOUGHT TO ESCAPE HER PRESENCE IN THE SILENCE OF MY LIBRARY AT NIGHT!



YET, EVEN THERE, SHE FLITTED BEFORE MY EYES... NOT THE REAL LIVING AND BREATHING BEING... BUT THE SERENICE AS OF A DREAM!



CONSTANTLY DID MY THOUGHTS TURN TO HER, AND DWELL UPON HER... UNTIL, AT LAST, AN UNWOLY LONGING STRAIPS UP WITHIN MY SOUL FOR MY COUSEN...



AND, IN A MOMENT OF EYE, I SPOKE TO HER OF MARRIAGE!



TIME FLEW! IT WAS WINTER! FAST APPROACHING WAS THE DATE OF OUR INTENDED WEDDING!



I SAT ALONE, IN THE DIMLY LIT LIBRARY, BROODING, WITH ONLY THE TOWERING SHELVES OF BOOKS FOR COMPANY...



...WHEN, UPLIFTING MY EYES, I SAW THAT BERENICE STOOD SILENTLY BEFORE ME!

WAS IT MY OWN EXCITED IMAGINATION ... OR THE MYSTIC INFLUENCE OF THE ATMOSPHERE ... OR THE UNCERTAIN CANDLE-LIGHT OF THE CHAMBER ... OR THE GREY GOWN THAT FELL AROUND HER FIGURE ...

... THAT CAUSED IT TO VIBILLATE AND APPEAR INDISTINCT IN OUTLINE."



AN ICEY CHILL RAN THRU MY FRAME! A SENSE OF INSUPERABLE ANXIETY OPPRESSED ME.

...AND, SINKING BACK UPON THE CHAIR, I REMAINED FOR SOME TIME BREATHLESS AND MOTIONLESS!



HER ENCAINATION WAS EXCESSIVE, AND NOT ONE VESTIGE OF THE FORMER BEING LURKED IN ANY SINGLE LINE OF THE CONTOUR OF HER FACE!



THE EYES, IN PARTICULAR, WERE LIFELESS, AND LACKED LUSTER... AND I SHRANK INVOLUNTARILY FROM THEIR GLASSY STARE!



QUICKLY, I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO HER THIN AND SINKING LIPS. AS I WATCHED, THEY PARTED...



...AND WITH A **SMILE** OF MYSTERIOUS MEANING, THE **TEETH** OF THE CHANGED **BEASTICE** DISCLOSED THEMSELVES **SLOWLY** TO MY VIEW!



WOULD TO THE LORD THAT I HAD NEVER BEHELD THEM, OR THAT, HAVING DONE SO, I HAD DIED!



THE SHUTTING OF A DOOR **DISTURBED** ME, AND LOOKING UP, I FOUND THAT MY COUSIN HAD **DEPARTED** THE **CHAMBER**!

BUT, FROM THE DISORDERED **CHAMBER** OF MY **BRAIN**, THE **GHASTLY SPECTRUM** OF **WHITE TEETH** HAD **NOT DEPARTED**... AND WOULD NOT BE **DRIVEN AWAY**!

I SAW THEM **NOW** EVEN MORE **UNEQUIVOCALLY** THAN I BEHELD THEM **THEN**! THEN, HORROR OF HORRORS, AN **UNGOVERNABLE MOOD** OF **PAINFUL MEDITATION** WAS UPON ME!

THE TEETH! THE TEETH!!



THEY WERE **HERE**, AND **THERE**, AND **EVERYWHERE**... **WHISPLY** AND **FALSBLY** BEFORE ME... **LONG, NARROW, & VIOLENTLY WHITE**, WITH **PALE LIPS** **QUIVERING** AND **WRITHING** ABOUT THEM!



I FELT THAT THEIR **POSSESSION** COULD ALONE RESTORE ME TO **PEACE**... SINCE THE **TEETH** HAD **SOMEHOW** **STOLEN** MY **POWERS OF REASON**!

EVENTUALLY, AFTER A PERIOD WITHOUT TIME, THE MINDLESS MADNESS WITH-
DREW, AND I LEFT THE LIBRARY!



IN THE HUSHED AND DARK-
ENED CORRIDOR OUTSIDE,
I ENCOUNTERED THE MAID,
WITH STREAMING TEARS,
WHO TOLD ME BERENICE WAS...



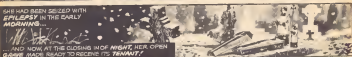
...NO MORE?



SHE HAD BEEN SEIZED WITH
EPILEPSY IN THE EARLY
MORNING...

Walt Disney

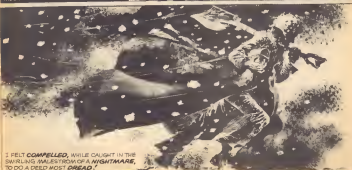
...AND NOW, AT THE CLOSING IN OF NIGHT, HER OPEN
GAMES WERE READY TO RECEIVE ITS TENANT!



MUCH LATER, I FINALLY PASSED INTO
SLEEP...AND SUFFERED FROM THE
MOST PITIFUL OF DREAMS!



I FELT COMPELLED, WHILE CAUGHT IN THE
SWIRLING MAELSTROM OF A NIGHTMARE,
TO DO A DEED MOST DREAD!



**VAGUELY REMEMBER
DIGGING WITH A SHOVEL...
AND THEN...AND THEN...**



**SUDDENLY, I AWOKE
IN BED... FULLY
DRESSED...
SPLATTERED WITH
DIRT AND GORE...
AND KNEW THE TERROR
I HAD EXPERIENCED
WAS NOT A DREAM,
AFTER ALL.**



**BUT, WHAT COULD I DO
THAT WAS SO BODILY
THAT I COULD NOT
COMPLETELY RECALL
IT?**

**THE METAL SPADE,
ALL THE DIGGING,
THE BLOOD... HAD I
EXPOSED A GRAVE?
YES, "I HAD," BUT...
WHOSE?**



**IN THE CORNER OF MY
ROOM WAS THE GRAVE-
SWEARED SHOVEL... AND
NEXT TO IT, AN OMINOUS
BLACK BOX. / WATERKILL
VILE ACT I HAD
COMMITTED...**



**...THE ANSWER WOULD
BE FORTHCOMING FROM
THE BLACK BOX.**

**I HAD UNEARTHED, IT SEEMS, THE BODY
OF MY BELOVED. / AGRACE! / AND HER
SMILING MOUTH WOULD FLAUNT ME
FOREVER.**

**...THERE, WITHIN THE BOX, RATTLED
THINLY - TWO SMALL, BRIGHT, WHITE...
TEETH!!**



**I WOULD
FOREVER
POSSESS THE
SMILE OF
MY BELOVED!**

ORDER CREEPY



BACK ISSUES!



Remember "Creepy's leechman lore"? Frank Frazetta's "Werewolf," the ultimate in lycanthropy? What about "Spawns of the Cat People" by Reed Crandell? Angelo Torrese "Opera's" were spectacular! But then, so was "Rite Awakening" by Alex Toth! Ever read "The Gilded Thing" by Gray Morrow? Or Sergio Sailer's great "Adam Link" series, illustrated by Joe Grant! What about Steve Okko's terrible "Beast Men" or Rocco Montrosser's "Maximum Effort"? Remember Dan Adams' "The Boeking Beyond"? Neal Adams' "The Terror Beyond Time"? "Type Cast" and "Voodoo Doll"! Ernie Celen did a fine job on "Death of a Stranger"! And Felix Mae in "Climb-ers of the Tower"! And what about Wally Wood's "The Cosmic Art"? Old Joe Joe's "Like a Phone Booth, Long and Narrow"? How about Tony Williams' "Completely Cured"? American brought on the fine "Old Worm". And there was the E. C. Rios' Martin's spectacular "Forgive Us Our Debts." Adolfo Aballe's fine "Frog God" was a real treat! Gonzalo Mac's "Other Side of Hell" can't be beat! Or you remember Al Williamson's "Success Story"? Rick Corbett's "Bless Us Father"? Barn Wrighton's terrifying "Sanitar"? Heron Torrence "The Last Hunt"? If you don't remember, you probably missed them. Some Creepy stories you can't afford to miss!

CAPTAIN MARVEL FILMS

From the comic page to film comes the epitome hero of all!

THREE GREAT MOVIES!

"Capt. Marvel" is the most exciting movie ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages. It's the most exciting movie ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages. It's the most exciting movie ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages.

OR...
Get all 3 at
SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATE!

Buy the complete Captain Marvel trilogy in your own home. Buy all three films for the special rate of \$21.95. Don't miss out on this chance to own a great film series!

BATMAN FILMS

SIX NEW ADVENTURES!

The "Batman" series is back in a new and exciting way. It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages. It's the most exciting movie ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages.

BUY
all six adventures and save!

You won't want to miss a single episode of this classic Batman series. Buy all six adventures for the special rate of \$43.95! Don't miss out on this incredible offer. Send for the Batman... today!

STAR TREK JIGSAW PUZZLES

HOURS OF FUN! 150 TO 500 PIECES!
FULL COLOR! BIG 14"x20"!

JUMBO STAR TREK PUZZLE #24125

Join the crew of the Starship Enterprise in being the attempted hijacking of the vessel and its crew by Klingon intruders. A vicious and deadly alien holds Captain James Kirk, Mr. Spock and Ilia. Ilia is a gun point. Characters and scenes from the animated series. This giant 14"x20" puzzle comes with 300 fully interlocking pieces you can assemble. Part #24125/\$2.00

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POSTERS BY RICH CORBEN

TWO HAND-SEPARATED COLOR 11"x14" WARRIOR PORTRAITS

ANTICIPATION
#2970/\$1.50

MIDNIGHT BATTLE
#2969/\$1.50

If you like them in black and white, you should see them in color! These 11"x14" full color fantasy posters are done in Rich Corben's style with his spectacular hand-separated color. "Midnight Battle" is done in a classic style and shows the warrior in a black and white suit. "Anticipation" shows the warrior at rest in a green and white landscape. The girl smiles at his face with grace.

MONSTER GLOW PUZZLES

Assemble your own monster! It's easy! It's fun! It's... when? Against the Lew? Remember what happened to Dr. Frankenstein? Don't worry! These are PUZZLES and the only one who will be out to get you is your brother, if you assemble one of these "glow in the dark" masterpieces on his pillow and leave it waiting for him in his dark room. These full color 14"x14"x1/2" puzzles, containing over 300 pieces, are reproduced from FAMOUS MONSTERS cover art. PM #103's Creature, the 1965 Yearbook's Frankenstein and The Phantom from the 1969 Yearbook. They're real! They're scary! They glow in the dark! Perfect for a rainy afternoon!

BUY ALL THREE!

CREATING THE BLACK LADON

1965 Yearbook

#2914/\$3.00

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1969 Yearbook

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PROJECT LARGER THAN LIFE PICTURES ON YOUR WALL

The spectacular Magnajector allows you to project and display in color or in black and white on your wall. It's the most exciting project ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages. It's the most exciting movie ever made! It's the story of a young man who is transformed into a super hero by a powerful alien. He then goes on to save the world from a powerful alien invasion. This is a must-see movie for all ages.

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12 EVIL EDGAR ALLAN POE RECORDS!

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S TALES OF TERROR

TERROR Classic tales of horror to make you shiver in your bones. Includes "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Black Cat".

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S TALES OF NIGHTMARE

NIGHTMARE Classic tales of horror to make you shiver in your bones. Includes "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Black Cat".

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S TALES OF HORROR

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NEXT MONTH: A VERY SPECIAL ISSUE OF CREEPY

CREEPY #73! A SPECTACULAR ALL LUIS BERMEJO ISSUE. A MIND BOGGLING TRIP THRU SPACE, TIME, FIVE INCREDIBLE TALES OF MONSTERS, MACHINES, MADNESS. DON'T MISS IT! ON SALE APRIL 17th!

